

# The Tragedie of Hamlet

The poore aduanc'd, makes friends of enemies,  
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,  
For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.  
But orderly to end where I begunne,  
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,  
That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,  
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,  
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

*Quee.* Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,  
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,  
To desperation turne my trust and hope,  
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,  
Each opposite that blacks the face of ioy,  
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,  
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,  
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife.

*King.* Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,  
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleepe.

*Quee.* Sleepe rock thy braine,  
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Quee.* The Lady doth preest too much mee thinks.

*Ham.* O but shee'le keepe her word.

*King.* Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

*King.* What doe you call the play?

*Ham.* The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image  
of a murder doone in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife  
Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of  
that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,  
let the gauled lade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one Lu-  
cianus, Nephew to the King.

*Enter Lucianus.*

*Oph.* You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret betweene you and your loue.

# Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

*Oph.* You are keene my lord, you are keene.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

*Oph.* Still better and worse.

*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue  
thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauens doth bellow  
for reuenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,  
Considerat season els no creature seeing,  
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,  
VVith Hecats ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,  
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,  
On wholsome life vsurps immediatly.

*Ham.* A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names Gonzago,  
the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see  
anon how the murtherer gets the loue of Gonzagoes wife.

*Oph.* The King rises.

*Quee.* How fares my Lord?

*Pol.* Giue ore the play.

*King.* Giue me some light, away.

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights.

*Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

*Ham.* Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngauled play,

For some must watch while some must sleepe,

Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a forrest of fea-  
thers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall  
Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

*Hora.* Halfe a share.

*Ham.* A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh Damon deere

This Realme dismantled was

Of Ioue himselfe, and now raignes heere

A very very paiocke.

*Hora.* You might haue rym'd.

*Ham.* O good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand  
pound. Didst perceiue?

*Hora.* Very well my Lord.

*Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poysoning.

*Hora.* I did very well note him.

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Ham.